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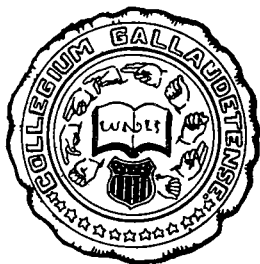
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THE LOST HEIR.

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THE LOST HEIR;

OR,

THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE DRAMATIC
PERSONÆ, COSTUMES, PROPERTY AND SCENIC PLOTS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE CHARACTERS, SIDES OF ENTRANCE
AND EXIT, DISPOSITIONS OF CHARACTERS, ETC.

NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS
18 ANN STREET

THE LOST HEIR;

OR,

THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

—:O:—

This little drama, though quite simple in plan and execution, is nevertheless calculated to produce high dramatic effect, and rivets the spectators attention from the beginning to the end, on account of the deep interest inspired by the unhappy condition of the young hero. JULIUS is exposed in Paris at the age of ten by his uncle, who procures a written evidence of the boy's death, and then seizes upon his property. The ABBE DE L'EPEE, director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Paris, finds the youth, and educates him. Suspecting the boy to be of noble blood, he bestows all his care on the helpless deaf-mute during eight years, creates his soul anew, as it were, and in the meantime endeavors to find out the place of his birth. For this purpose the ABBE travels with his protegee over a great part of France, and finally arrives at Toulouse, which city the young man recognizes as the place of his home. The ABBE consults the young lawyer Frauval, a friend of ST. ALME, who is the son of JULIUS' uncle. DARLEMONT refuses to recognize his nephew, but is at last prevailed upon to restore JULIUS to his rightful inheritance, by the threatened exposure of his son ST. ALME. So the matter is settled amicably.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE ABBE DE L'EPEE, (70).....
JULIUS, COUNT OF SOLAR, (*A Deaf-mute, under the name of THEODORE*, 18).
DARLEMONT. (*His Guardian and Maternal Uncle*, 53).....
ST. ALME, (DARLEMONT'S Son, *A Lawyer*, 20).....
FRAUVAL, SENIOR, (55).....
FRAUVAL, JUNIOR, (*His Son, A Lawyer*, 29).....
DUPRE, (*An Aged Servant*, 67).....
DUBOIS, (*A Waiting Man*, 23).....
DOMINIC, (*An Aged Servant of FRAUVAL*, 78).....
MARTIN, (*Formerly Doorkeeper of the old Count*, 83).....

—
The Scene is laid in Toulouse, France.
—

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Garden cloth down. Garden seats. Shrubs, &c. Gentleman's walking cane.

SCENE II.—A piece of money.

SCENE III.—Stage properties same as Scene I. Tablets for THEODORE.

ACT II.

Rich carpet down. Handsome furniture of all descriptions. Writing materials. Purse filled with coins. Writing desk R.C. on table.

ACT III.

Stage furniture the same as in the previous act.

SCENERY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Palace, &c., with palace garden and grounds. A Toulouse street in the distance.

SCENE II.—A Front Chamber.

SCENE III.—Same as Scene I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Drawing Room in the COUNT OF SOLAR'S Palace. Centre doors. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Centre door chamber. Same as Act II.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L., means first entrance left. R., first entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. S.E.R., second entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. centre. L.C., left of centre. R.C., right of centre. C.L., centre towards C.R., centre towards right. D.F., door in flat. L.F., left of flat. R.F., right of flat. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE LOST HEIR;

OR,

THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Set Garden with benches. On the R., a palace. In the background a street in the city of Toulouse.*

Enter ST. ALME and DUBOIS, from the palace, R.

St. Alme. (L.) Well, Dubois, so you have had at length the desired interview with Dupre! Has he disclosed anything concerning my father's intentions? He alone is the keeper of all his secrets.

Dubois. (Slowly, R.) I did just as you directed, and—I know all.

St. Alme. Tell me whether—

Dubois. He is always so sad and and downhearted. I am inclined to think that the recollection of some dark deed haunts his memory.

St. Alme. He? Impossible! He is most trustworthy. So many years my father's faithful servant. But proceed.

Dubois. Yesterday evening, when deep silence reigned in the house, I went to Dupre, pretending that my light had accidentally

gone out; we commenced to chat together; I turned the conversation on your father's plans concerning your future destiny, and learnt that his irrevocable determination is that you shall not become a lawyer.

St. Alme. Yet formerly, when my father was but an humble tradesman, he would have thought it an honor; but from the moment that he obtained possession of the estates of the young Count of Solar, whose uncle and guardian he was, ambition took full possession of his soul, and he forsook the peaceful path which alone leads to true happiness.

Dubois. The old people who formerly served in our house often talk of this young Count of Solar. Was he not deaf and dumb from his birth?

St. Alme. Yes; my father brought him to Paris eight years ago, in order to consult the physicians concerning his infirmity; but whether from unskilful treatment, or that his constitution was delicate, he died in Dupre's arms, alone and far from any living relative.

Dubois. And Dupre?

St. Alme. Ever after became melancholy and dejected. My poor little Julius! How we loved each other! He was about ten years of age, and I twelve, when we were separated. The moment of his departure is yet fresh in my memory. He could not speak, yet how eloquent was his whole appearance! He pressed me so tenderly to his heart, as if he felt that we would meet no more. Ah! why did he leave me? Why was I so soon deprived of the disinterested love and devotion of a true friend? But come to my room, Dubois, I have several messages for you to deliver. (*They exeunt into palace, R.*)

Music—Enter the ABBE DE L'EPEE and THEODORE, from U.E.L. THEODORE walks a few paces before the ABBE, gesticulating rapidly. Both wear traveling suits, and the ABBE supports himself on a cane. THEODORE makes a sign that he recognises the locality.

Abbe. (R.) The deep emotion which he so suddenly manifests permits me no longer to doubt that he fully recognizes this place.

(*Music—THEODORE, L., looks round hastily, advances a few paces towards the palace, cries, and then runs into the ABBE's arms.*)

Abbe. What a heart-rending tone! His respiration is scarcely perceptible. Never did I see him so much excited.

(*Music—THEODORE makes rapid gesticulations to the effect that he knows the place. This is done by placing one hand over the other, crossing the fingers so as to represent the roof of a house, then indicating with the right hand the height of a child ten years old.*)

Abbe. Truly, this must be his home, as he so fully and happily describes it. Beloved spot where we were called into existence!

Where our childhood passed away so sweetly! Thou never lovest thy claims on our fondest recollections!

(*Music*—THEODORE kisses his protector's hands and tries to express his gratitude, when the ABBE signifies to him that not himself, but God must receive his thanks, at which THEODORE falls on his knees, and beseeches Heaven to bless his benefactor.

Abbe. (*With uncovered head.*) Oh, Thou, who leadeest thy creatures according to thine own good will, Thou, who hast given me the necessary strength to attempt, with thy all powerful aid, to bring to a happy issue my arduous undertaking, accept the gratitude of an orphan to whom thou hast destined me to be a second father. Shower thy blessings on the head of this unhappy youth, and let me find a consoling recompense in the conviction that I have been instrumental in procuring his happiness.

(*Music*—They embrace—THEODORE eagerly desires to enter the palace. The ABBE holds him back, and imitates the action of a person he sees, who is about to enter from the palace—motions THEODORE to retire and leave him alone to converse with the stranger—THEODORE obeys, first blessing his benefactor, then exits, U.E.L.—*Music ends.*

Abbe. I must find out to whom this palace belongs.

Enter DUBOIS, from palace, R.

Abbe. Can you tell me, friend, how this palace is called? To whom does it belong?

Dubois. (R.) It was formerly the residence of the Count of Solar; now it belongs to Mr. Darlemont, in whose service I have had the honor of being for the last five years.

Abbe. (L.) Who is this Mr. Darlemont?

Dubois. Who is he?

Abbe. Yes, his rank, his social standing.

Dubois. Indeed, all I know concerning the worthy gentlemen is that he is one of the wealthiest citizens of Toulouse. (*Bows.*) But you will please excuse me. (*Aside.*) The Rev. Father is very inquisitive. (*Crosses to L.*

Abbe. (*Stops him.*) One word more. Who is the most distinguished lawyer of the town?

Dubois. (*Returning.*) That is soon answered. There (*pointing off, U.E.L.*) lives Mr. Frauval, the most eminent lawyer of Toulouse.

Abbe. Thanks for your courtesy. (*Dubois bows and exits L.*) This palace (R.) which bears the name of an ancient and illustrious family—this Darlemont, is its actual occupant—all this must be well known in Toulouse. I shall at once try to obtain all necessary information and unravel the mystery. If Theodore has still any relatives living, they certainly must yet deplore his loss. Should he be the

victim of hate or avarice, then, Oh, Divine Providence, arm me with strength and prudence to unmask the malice of his persecutors, and give through me a warning to mankind that sooner or later Thou unveilest even the most hidden crime, and that nothing can escape Thy eternal justice!

(*Music.*)

Enter FRAUVAL, JUNIOR, and FRAUVAL, SENIOR, from U.E.L.—The gentlemen bow.

Abbe. (R.) Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Frauval, of the bar?

Frauval, Jr. (C.) Yes, sir; this gentleman is my father.

(*The ABBE and MR. FRAUVAL, SR. bow.*)

Abbe. (*Crosses to C.*) Can I trespass on your time for about half an hour?

Frauval, Jr. (L.) Most willingly. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?

Abbe. My name is De L'Epee, I have just arrived from Paris.

Frauval, Jr. De L'Epee! Not the founder of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum?

Abbe. The same.

Frauval, Jr. (*Bowing and shaking hands.*) I am happy to meet you. No one feels more interest in your exertions than myself. Whence have I this good fortune of meeting with you?

Abbe. Your fame, sir. I have sought this interview, having an affair of the utmost importance to communicate to you.

Frauval, Sr. (R.) I will not intrude.

(*Makes a movement to leave.*)

Abbe. (*Stops him.*) What I have to disclose cannot be made too public. Besides, I wish to secure the sympathy of all feeling hearts.

Frauval, Jr. If agreeable to you, sir, we will sit here in the public garden.

Abbe. As you please.

(*They sit down.*)

Frauval, Sr. (*Aside.*) What an honest face, and what a venerable appearance!

Abbe. It is now eight years ago since a police officer brought to my Deaf and Dumb Asylum a child about nine years of age, who had been exposed in the cold and snow. The coarse rags which scarcely protected his tiny limbs induced me at first sight to believe that he belonged to poor people. The following morning, however, I observed him more closely and remarked a certain dignity in his looks, and concluded that he had been purposely thus disguised in order to conceal his rank. I came to the conviction that the child was the object of some secret intrigue, and determined to watch the course of events for the development of the facts. I named him Theodore, and enrolled him among my pupils. He was deaf and dumb, but he soon distinguished himself, and so completely met my fondest expectations that, after three years, his soul opened to the teachings of nature, and seemed as if created anew.

Frauval, Sr. Poor boy!

Abbe. During one of our vacations I took him to Paris! One day whilst we were driving past the court-house, he saw a magistrate entering a carriage, and became unusually excited. I asked him the cause of his emotion; he told me that oftentimes a man clad as that one, in purple and ermine, had borne him in his arms and pressed him to his bosom. I concluded, hence, that he must be the son or near relative of some magistrate; that this person, to judge by the color of his robe, must belong to a supreme court of justice, and that, consequently, my pupil must have been born in one of the provincial capitals. On the following day we met the funeral of a person of rank. Theodore instantly exhibited great emotion, and the moment that the coffin passed by, he trembled, wept, and threw his arms about my neck. "What is the matter with you?" I asked. Working his fingers, he replied, "that, a short time before he was brought to Paris, he too was clad in a black gown, and followed the coffin of the man who had so often caressed him." I concluded that he was an orphan, the heir of extensive domains, and that covetous relatives had taken advantage of his helpless condition in order to incarcerate him in some asylum and thus gain possession of his entire property. But how was I to find the clue to the secret plot of which he had no doubt been the victim? He had never heard his father's name spoken, he was deaf; he had never spoken to his father, or to any one in fact, for he was dumb! He did not know where he was called into being, nor to what family he belonged.

Frauval, Jr. Poor child! He was evidently the victim of some deep laid and nefarious scheme.

Abbe. As I have always thought and am assured so now. After hundreds of written enquiries, I finally made up my mind to visit the southern cities in company with Theodore. The many recollections of persons and places with which his memory was stored made me hope that he would easily recognize the place of his birth. We were obliged to travel on foot, because I wished to spare no pains; I am old and weak, but God strengthened me. We left Paris just sixty-six days ago, passing through the barrier De L'Enfer, which he again recognised. We have visited almost every town of note, but in vain. At length my strength began to fail, and hope almost had deserted me, when we arrived this morning at the gates of Toulouse——

Frauval, Jr. (With deep interest.) Well?

Abbe. We enter the city. Theodore hastily seizes my hand, and indicates that he recognizes the place. We advance; at every step he becomes more and more animated, his eyes are filled with tears; we traverse the market place; suddenly he falls on his knees, stretches out his hands towards the sky, jumps up, and announces to me that he has found his native city. Intoxicated with joy, I forget all the arduous toils of our long journey. We pass through several quarters of the city, and finally come to this place. He sees the palace yonder, utters a piercing cry, runs breathless into my arms,

and points to the home of his ancestors. I make the necessary enquiries, and learn that this palace formerly belonged to the Count of Solar, whose son Theodore is, beyond doubt; that at present it is in the possession of a Mr. Darlemont, possibly the child's guardian and relative, who procured a forged attestation of the boy's death, and then took possession of his estate. I enquire for the ablest lawyer of Toulouse; I am directed to you, sir, and I am now here to deposit in your hands what I love most dearly on earth, the fruit of eight years labors—the fate of my Theodore. Take him from me, sir, restore to him what is most dear and precious to man—a legitimate and an honorable name, (*rises*) and the inalienable rights which divine and human laws guarantee to him. (*All rise.*)

Frauval, Jr. (*Very enthusiastically.*) You may rely on me, sir. Never was I so happy, never so proud of my vocation. You do not know how delighted I am at the idea of being serviceable to a man of your worth.

Abbe. Truly, I can depend entirely on you; I see your tears flowing—your father's likewise.

Frauval, Sr. Who could remain unmoved during such a sad recital? We are convinced that your conclusions are correct, and will do all in our power to assist you.

Frauval, Jr. Mr. Darlemont's son is my dearest friend. It is exceedingly painful to me to learn his father's guilt. I must, therefore, beg permission to make use of all the means which delicacy may suggest, in order to prevail on Mr. Darlemont to restore his nephew to the possession of his estates. When these means shall have proved useless, then I shall unmask the hypocrite. But, Reverend Father where did you leave your charge?

Abbe. At the hotel yonder, where he no doubt impatiently awaits me.

Frauval, Jr. Why did you not bring him with you?

Abbe. One does not always find sympathizing hearts at every turn.

Frauval, Jr. You must bring him and at once—my father, I, all of us, will be but too proud to welcome him.

Frauval, Sr. Yes, indeed! Never did I experience greater delight in discharging the duties of hospitality. I answer for myself, as well as my son.

Abbe. You are too kind, messieurs.

Frauval, Sr. Do not deny us the honor. You must need rest after your fatiguing journey, and will not find elsewhere the necessary care and attention. Pray come.

Abbe. I can no longer refuse such a generous invitation.

(*Shakes hands with both.*)

Frauval, Jr. In the meantime, I shall reflect upon the most efficient means of accomplishing our object. (*FRAUVAL, SR., crosses with ABBE to L.—FRAUVAL, JR., following.*) To annul judicial proofs, to recover an extensive estate from the hands of a powerful usurper,

Be convict of fraud one who has an unsullied name, all this demands great prudence.

Abbe. I rely entirely on your foresight and discretion. Be the end what it may, the satisfaction of having done my duty will be my consolation, and your acquaintance my reward.

(Presses his hand. Exit ABBE and FRAUVAL, SR., L., followed by FRAUVAL, JR.)

Closed In.

SCENE II.—A Front Chamber.

Enter DOMINIC, R.

Dominic. Ah! That's just like young Mr. Frauval, a double Louis d'or for poor old Martin. *(Looks at money.)* When he was doorkeeper to the dear dead Count of Solar, he knew no want. But Mr. Darlemont sent him away without pity for his poverty or old age, as he did all who served his brother-in-law. The honest doorkeeper almost died for want of nourishment and care, and would have done, but for the son's—young St. Alme Darlemont's—ever thoughtful assistance. The son is as open-hearted and candid, as the father is hard-fisted, gloomy and arrogant. Tut, tut, tut! I forget Mr. Frauval told me to prepare the best suite of rooms for two visitors, and here am I chattering all alone to myself and neglecting his orders. One of the guests is the Abbe de L'Epee, a truly good man, while the other his pupil—don't seem to waste much talk upon anybody. *(Calls without, "Dominic.")* Coming, coming! Oh, lor', oh, lor'!

(Exit, L.)

SCENE III.—Same as Scene I.

Enter FRAUVAL, SR., and FRAUVAL, JR., from U.E.L.

Frauval, Sr. Why do you still hesitate, my son, to let the laws take vengeance on the base criminal? To spare the guilty is to become accessory to their crime.

Frauval, Jr. Can I forget that Darlemont is the father of my dearest friend? Must the son suffer for the guilt of his father? I would without mercy tear asunder the veil which covers the impostor; but I cannot unmask the hypocrite without bringing disgrace on the son!

Frauval, Sr. (*Looks off, L.*) But here comes the Reverend Abbe and his sacred charge. (*Starts.*) The living features of his dead father ! How like—how like !

Enter the ABBE DE L'EPEE and THEODORE, from U.E.L.

Abbe. Here is my Theodore, my foster son.

(*Music*—THEODORE crosses to R., salutes those present, looks at FRAUVAL, JR., without appearing in the least bashful, then crosses to L.C., and fixes his eyes on FRAUVAL, SR.

Frauval, Sr. (L.) Truly, the exact picture of his late father.

Abbe. (R.) Indeed, sir, do you think so ? (*Crosses to c.*

Frauval, Sr. Most assuredly ; I imagine I see the old Count before me.

(*Music*—THEODORE, L.C., observes FRAUVAL closely, moving round him, and seeming to study his features—he signifies to the ABBE that the features are familiar.

Frauval, Jr. (R.) His looks denote sensibility, and inspire respect, which no doubt is a reflection of the spirit of his master.

(*Music*—THEODORE looks at both father and son and then makes signs to the ABBE. He places his right hand on his forehead, and stretches out his arm with force and dignity.

Frauval, Jr. What does this mean ?

Abbe. (C.) He says that he reads in your faces the certainty of his victory.

Frauval, Jr. Yes ; I swear it, and I'll keep my promise.

(*Music*—Takes THEODORE's hand and presses it—THEODORE lays his hand on his mouth with a look of sadness, and then on both ears ; he takes hold of FRAUVAL, JR.'s hands, places one on one on his bosom, and warmly and repeatedly presses the other.

Frauval, Jr. What do this signify ?

Abbe. That he cannot express his gratitude in words, but that you may feel by the beating of his heart how profoundly your image is already engraven there. (THEODORE watches FRAUVAL, JR., closely.

Frauval, Jr. Is it really possible that you can understand him so thoroughly ?

Abbe. (*Smiling.*) I minutely comprehend all his expressions. He is my foster son only, but I love him as my own.

Frauval, Sr. Which affection is returned. And he understands you in the same manner ?

Abbe. Perfectly.

Frauval, Jr. How attentively he observes me !

Abbe. Do not be surprised thereat, my dear sir. Nature, which has been so unkind to this her son, endowed him instead with an acuteness of instinct and a quickness of imagination truly wonderful. He is deaf and dumb, but his soul speaks from those lustrous eyes, and the minds of our patients when once they commence to be de-

veloped, make more rapid progress than we, who are in the full possession of all our faculties.

Frauval, Sr. But is it possible that this deaf and dumb youth can understand and express everything?

Abbe. Yes; and even immediately answer every question put to him. I shall give you an instance.

(Music—He taps THEODORE on the shoulder, in order to excite his attention. He then places the index of his right hand on his forehead, keeps it there a moment, points to FRAUVAL, JR., and finally writes several lines on his left hand. THEODORE signifies that he understands all, takes out his tablets, and prepares to write.)

Abbe. You may now ask him whatever you choose. He will write down your question as I signify it to him, and the answer after it.

Frauval, Jr. (Confused.) I really do not know what to ask him.

Abbe. Anything you think of.

Frauval, Jr. (After a moment's reflection.) Who, do you think, is the greatest man in France at the present time?

(THEODORE blankly stares at him.)

Abbe. The question is rather difficult. Please to repeat it, and pronounce the words slowly as if you were yourself dictating to him.

(ABBE motions THEODORE to attend—Music, with muted instruments, played through from the beginning to the end of the questioning—THEODORE pays close attention, understands, and writes as the ABBE describes.)

Frauval, Jr. Who is—

(ABBE motions FRAUVAL, JR., to stop, then stretches out both hands with extended fingers, the extremities pointing to the floor. Then with the index of his right hand, he describes a semi-circle from right to left. He nods his head to FRAUVAL, JR., to proceed.)

Frauval, Jr. Do you think, the greatest man—

(ABBE again motions him to stop, then places the fingers of his right hand on his forehead, keeps them there a moment, points with the index to THEODORE, raises both hands over his head, and describes everything surrounding him—Nods to FRAUVAL, JR., as before.)

Frauval, Jr. Now living in France?

(ABBE again stops him, then raises his right hand three times, after which both hands as high as possible; then he lets them rest on his shoulders, and slide down from the shoulders over the breast to the hips; describes life by breathing strongly several times, and pressing the pulses of both hands. All these signs must be made very plainly but quickly, so as not to interrupt the action. The ABBE then takes THEODORE's writing, and hands it to FRAUVAL, JR.—Music ends.)

Abbe. You see, in the first place, that he has correctly written down the question.

Frauval, Jr. Very accurately, indeed.

(*ABBE returns the paper to THEODORE, who sits immovable and meditating.*)

Frauval, Jr. He seems confused.

Abbe. You must admit, sir, that he could not really be otherwise. He has a delicate choice to make.

(*THEODORE's features become animated; he writes.*)

Frauval, Jr. (*Watching him.*) What an expressive look! What vivacity in all his motions! He appears at the same time excited yet satisfied. I shall be much mistaken if his answer does not bear the impression of feeling as well as of wisdom.

(*Music—THEODORE rises, hands the tablet to FRAUVAL, SR., and beckons him to read. The others stand round. THEODORE places himself near the ABBE, and again watches FRAUVAL SR.*)

Frauval, Sr. (*Reads.*) "Question—Who is, do you think, the greatest man now living in France? Answer—Genius and love of humanity loudly proclaim the name of De L'Epee. I consider him the greatest man of the age."

(*THEODORE imitates the motion of a balance by letting both hands rise and fall alternately. He then elevates his right hand as high as possible, points with the index to the ABBE, and casts himself into his arms—Music ends.*)

Abbe. (*Pressing him tenderly to his bosom, whilst trying in vain to conceal his emotion.*) You must excuse this mistake. It is the enthusiasm of gratitude.

Frauval, Jr. I am astonished. Only an eye-witness can believe such wonders.

Frauval, Sr. (*To ABBE.*) What care and labor must it not have cost you to arrive at such astounding results?

Abbe. It would, indeed, be impossible to say what it cost me. But the thought of creating a soul anew, as it were, ever stimulates my zeal and courage.

(*Commotion and voices without.*)

Frauval, Sr. What interruption now?

Dominic. (*Off S.E.L.*) But I tell you, my dear Martin, you cannot speak to him.

Martin. (*Off S.E.L.*) Not him? Not kiss his hand? Impossible!

Enter MARTIN, S.E.L., hurriedly, followed by DOMINIC.

Martin. My honor'd master!

Dominic. I beg pardon; I could not restrain him.

(*Retires R.C.—THEODORE looks at MARTIN, and appears suddenly seized with a remembrance.*)

Martin. (*Good naturedly and talkatively.*) Excuse me, if I talk.

the liberty. (*Kisses FRAUVAL, JR.'s hand.*) I'm sorry to interrupt you; but my heart is so overjoyed that I had to come to thank in person my dear master. (*To the Company.*) Gentlemen, he cares so well for me; he provides for my wants; he sends me—

Frauval, Jr. (R.) My dear Martin, it is not worth the trouble—

Martin. (R.C.) What! Not worth the trouble?

Frauval, Sr. (L.) Do explain to me, my son, what all this means.

(THEODORE, L.C., becomes greatly excited, watches every motion of MARTIN, and makes signs apart to the ABBE, imitating the action of a person knocking at a door then, points to MARTIN.

Martin. (*To FRAUVAL, SR.*) His modesty hinders him from answering for himself, sir, but I will speak for him. Since I was taken sick, scarcely a day has elapsed without his sending me some assistance; and this very morning, Mr. Dominic brought me a double louis d'or, which permitted me to purchase some comforts for myself, and even to aid my poor neighbor Laval. (*He kisses FRAUVAL, JR.'s hand.*) Oh, how grateful I feel to you, my dear master!

Abbe. Good old man.

Martin. (*Turns to ABBE, surprised.*) Sir!

Abbe. Were you not, during many years, in the service of the late Count of Solar?

Martin. I was the palace door-keeper for thirty-five years.

Abbe. Do you recollect the little deaf and dumb Julius?

Martin. Indeed do I remember the poor boy! I carried him so often in my arms. Ah! his death was a great misfortune to us all.

(*ABBE leads MARTIN before THEODORE, who observes the old man very attentively, and with great emotion.*

Abbe. Well, then, look at this youth.

Martin. (*Looks at him very earnestly.*) What do I see? Can it be possible?

Abbe. Look at him closely.

(*Music—THEODORE strokes his hair from his face, in order to show it wholly to MARTIN, and then indicates by signs that he bore him in his arms during his infancy.*

Martin. It is he, indeed!—he whom we all loved so much, whose untimely end we all deplored. Oh, yes, yes; I recognize him!

(*He falls at THEODORE's feet, who immediately bids him rise and embraces him.*

Abbe. A positive recognition!

Frauval, Sr. Which must lead to important results.

Martin. But how is it that the child, long since believed dead and buried, all at once reappears in Toulouse? (*Wandering.*) I do not understand.

Abbe. You will soon. But are you so convinced that this is Julius, Count of Solar, that you can testify before the court?

Martin. Before Heaven and man.

Frauval, Jr. Are there any former domestics of the family who have known the young Count from childhood ?

Martin. Oh, yes ; the coachman's widow is still living.

Dominic. And Peter, the hostler, and his wife. They live near by.

Frauval, Jr. We must send for them.

Dominic. I run.

Frauval, Jr. (*Holds him back.*) Stop ! One moment. (*To the ABBE.*) My friendship for the son imposes moderation on me ; therefore propose first to call on the father. We shall attack him together : you with the irresistible weapons of an interpreter of nature, I with the language of the law, and both of us with all the force which so just a cause inspires. But this man, be he ever so obstinate and hard-hearted, shall not escape us.

Abbe. You are right, and I approve your course, for you are a man of action.

(*He takes THEODORE aside and informs him by signs of his purpose.*)

Frauval, Jr. Justice must be meted to the dead, even if the living have to suffer !

Frauval, Sr. Quite right.

Frauval, Jr. But I enjoin silence upon all.

Martin. I promise !

Omnes. And I !

Abbe. And all !

Dominic. Be assured of my silence.

Frauval, Sr. As for me, I shall (*with bitterness, whilst retiring,* openly proclaim the infamy of this Darlemont to the world ! He is a haughty wretch that shall be humbled—an ambitious, unfeeling hypocrite who deserves exemplary punishment, and I will——

Frauval, Jr. Father, temper mercy with justice on earth as we all hope for forgiveness from above. (*Music—Tableau*)

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

SCENE—*Drawing-Room in the Palace of the COUNT OF SOLAR, richly furnished. Centre doors. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L. The door S.E.R. leads to DARLEMONT'S cabinet.*

Enter DARLEMONT and DUPRE, S.E.L.

Darlemont. (Sits at r.c. table.) Well, Dupre, what do you want?

Dupre. (Lays on the table a purse filled with coins.) I come, sir, to return the twenty-five louis d'or which you sent me this morning.

Darlemont. (Astonished.) Return them! Why? They are the first six months' dues of the annuity which I recently promised you as a reward for your past services. I wish to have them always paid you in advance.

Dupre. (Appears melancholy—sighs.) Pray, sir, take back your money. I cannot receive a fee for a bad action, one which will ever oppress my heart till death.

Darlemont. Will you never forget that lost child?

Dupre. Never! never! His image is always before my gaze, will never be obliterated from my memory. I can yet see the last glance he cast at me when you took him from me.

Darlemont. I could not endure the sight of him—was he not speechless, the troublesome automat.

Dupre. But he had a noble heart, and was gifted with a bright intellect. When I took him out, though but a child, he always beckoned to me to help the needy whom we met on our way. He would share everything he had with those who were in want. And did he not save the life of your son, when St. Alme was throwing stones at a large dog. The dog leaped upon him, throwing him down. Julius saw his danger, with the swiftness of lightning rushed to his assistance, and, without hesitation, attacked the furious animal, receiving a deep bite on his right arm, the mark of which he likely still retains.

Darlemont. (Amazed.) How often have you not already told me the same story? Never let me hear it again. Should that boy still live, that scar on his arm might rise in judgment against us, and your prating might fill other ears than ours.

Dupre. (Not heeding him.) And I had the baseness to abandon him, to listen to your allurements, to become your accomplice! Oh, misery!

Darlemont. (Angrily.) Dupre, desist!

Dupre. (Turns upon him.) Yes, sir, I was your accomplice! When you have destroyed the peace of mind of an old servant who

led through fifty years an irreproachable life, then you must and shall listen to his grievances, and respect his anguish and his sorrow.

Darlemont. (*Aside, trying to restrain his anger.*) What it costs me to moderate my temper! (*Aloud.*) My dear Dupre, the delicacy of your feelings misleads you. Could you abuse my confidence after eight years' faithful service, and disclose so important a secret, and to our mutual ruin?

Dupre. Of what use would that be to me? Where would we now seek the unhappy youth? Where could we now find him? I have promised you secrecy, and I shall keep my word; but only on condition that you never again try to appease my conscience by the offer of any odious gold! I have enough of remorse of the stings of conscience, and will not increase my mental troubles by accepting any dishonorable hush money. (*DARLEMONT angry.*) Yes, I must repeat it, it is uppermost in my heart, dishonorable hush money.

(*Exit, L.*)

Darlemont. (*Rises, and paces the stage.*) This old man's grief annoys—disquiets me! What a cruel necessity to be dependent on a quaking witness in our most secret actions! But why should I fear? Is the boy not two hundred miles from here, from the place of his birth? Perhaps he is already dead! In any case, what information can a deaf and dumb boy—born so—give concerning his home, or against me? Only Dupre! only Dupre! I must try to gain his confidence, to keep down my pride, my temper, and, above all, to watch him continually. Oh, riches! how many humiliations do you cost, and how dearly can one buy its enjoyment?

Enter DUBOIS, S.E.L.

Dubois. Mr. Frauval, the lawyer, wishes an interview, sir.

Darlemont. (*Surprised.*) The lawyer Frauval, did you say?

Dubois. Yes, sir.

Darlemont. (*After a short pause.*) Tell him—tell him anything—I am not at home. (*Exit DUBOIS, S.E.L.*)

Darlemont. What does he want? These famous lawyers imagine that they may disregard all distinctions of wealth and station. But I am in a position to rebuke such arrogance. Yes, and I will do it.

Re-enter DUBOIS, S.E.L.

Dubois. Mr. Frauval sends me back to inform you, sir, that he has arrived in company with the Abbe de L'Epee, the director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Paris.

Darlemont. (*Much surprised.*) The Abbe de L'Epee! Deaf and Dumb Asy—

(*Moved—aside.*)

Dubois. And that both have important matters to communicate immediately and privately, your honor.

Darlemont. (*Aside, in great confusion.*) A presentiment! Everything conspires against me! Everything conspires to ruin me!

Dubois. I am waiting to know your honor's pleasure.

Darlemont. (*Who seeks to arm himself with fortitude for the interview.*) Let them enter. (*Exit DUBOIS, S.E.L.—pacing to and fro.*) What a terrible foreboding! I must seek clearly into the case. What does this man seek in Toulouse? What does he look for from me? What—after eight years—in spite of my many precautions—am I never to find a moment's repose? Hush! here they come. Courage! courage! Ingenuity must banish all suspicion.

(*Sits again at R.C. table.*)

Enter DUBOIS, S.E.R., ushering in FRAUVAL, JR., and the ABBE—exit DUBOIS.

Abbe. (*With a bow.*) Sir!

Darlemont. (*Bids them welcome, and then seats himself, R.C.—FRAUVAL, JR., C., ABBE, L.C.*) You requested to see me privately; may I ask what—

Frauval, Jr. Sympathy with my friend's father, and the duty of fulfilling an act of justice! These, sir, are the motives which have led us hither.

Darlemont. Please to explain yourself.

Abbe. (*Watching him sharply.*) My disclosure will astonish you, my friend. Learn, then, that chance, or rather He who directs the steps of all his creatures, has led the young Count of Solar, your nephew, into my hands. (*DARLEMONT in great confusion.*)

Frauval, Jr. Yes, sir; this young deaf and dumb child, whom we strongly suspect was unnaturally abandoned some years back, and whose guardian you are, still lives. In his name, then, the Abbe de L'Epee now claims his possessions and titles.

Darlemont. (*Trying in vain to conceal his confusion.*) Julius, you mean? He still lives?

Abbe. To render justice to himself—justice unto others!

Darlemont. That would cause me great joy; but, unhappily, it cannot be. The young count died at Paris eight years ago.

Abbe. Are you quite sure of that?

Darlemont. I was present myself at his death, and—

Abbe. You present at his death? Have you then seen the corpse?

Darlemont. (*Confused.*) Without answering all these questions, it is sufficient to state that the death of Count Julius of Solar was fully proven and placed beyond all question by a formal legal document.

Abbe. (*Sharply observing DARLEMONT.*) That document is false! At least that is my firm conviction.

Darlemont. Upon what is your conviction founded, pray?

Abbe. Excuse my freedom; but this evident confusion of your features—everything betrays you—even against your will.

Darlemont. (*Rising.*) Do you presume, do you dare to suspect me, sir?

Abbe. (*Rising with DARLEMONT.*) An aged man, who, for more than sixty years, has carefully studied nature, and traced all her motions and changes to their truthful source—such a one can easily read the heart of man for good or evil! One look is sufficient to lay your heart open before me, and it is dark, dark, very dark!

Darlemont. I fear no blame, I fear no man! I owe you, sir, no account of my actions. By what right, or rather, by what pretence do you both dare to cross my threshold?

Abbe. By what right? By eight years of care, of patience, and wearied investigation. The right which every noble heart possesses of assisting poor suffering humanity. My claims and pretences? I have but one claim, which I shall make valid: the Omniscient confided to my care Count Julius of Salar, that I might love him, instruct him, avenge him! I but obey the decree of Providence!

Darlemont. Avenge him?

Frauval, Jr. My rights, too, are not less sacred. The first one is the confidence of this illustrious man who chose me to perfect his work—the noblest task that was ever set to man. The second one is the duty which my vocation imposes upon me, to defend the helpless against the aggression of the powerful, and to lend my assistance to every one in distress. My pretensions are to become the mediator between yourself and the young and living Count.

Darlemont. You speak in parables! What proof have you that this deaf and dumb boy, whose interest you appear to have so much at heart, is the young Count of Solar?

Abbe. The time of your journey to Paris is the same as that at which he was committed to my care.

Darlemont. Well!

Frauval, Jr. The same that the report of his death was spread here; his age, his pitiable state—

Abbe. A remarkable similarity between his looks and those of his late father.

Darlemont. A similarity? No, no, where? In what features?

Abbe. His joy, his emotion, at again beholding this city, this house—

Frauval, Jr. The discovery of a former servant of his parents—

Abbe. Finally, the testimony itself of your nephew.

Darlemont. (*Amazed.*) His own confession. (*With increasing confusion.*) No, no! I will not recognize him! The death of my nephew is but true, and I am ready to protest before every tribunal—

Frauval, Jr. Take care what you do, sir. (*Rises.*) Consider well the consequence of your steps. There is more than one judge living who must at once recognise in the features of this poor orphan the features of the dead man whose memory we all honor! Not one amongst us will remain unmoved at the appearance of the young count; at the recital of what this friend of humanity has done for him; at this sight of this venerable countenance, of these gray hairs,

which scarcely number his good deeds. Once more, beware of the court; there you would be confounded, and your name more disgraced, more sullied, than ever! Dread the worst!

Darlemont. (Defiantly.) I dread nothing! Even should the judicial document be declared forged, the law can punish only those who signed the same.

Frauval, Jr. And when those witnesses shall accuse you of having bribed them? When they designate you as the instigator of their crime? You could not then escape the vengeance of the law, but would have to share in their disgrace and punishment. You shudder? Free yourself quickly from the tortures which have so long already destroyed your peace of mind.

Abbe. (Crossing behind DARLEMONT to R.) The confession is already on your lips. You do not know how the magnanimous acknowledgement of a crime relieves the mind.

Frauval, Jr. (Seizes his left hand.) Follow our advice and quickly!

Abbe. (Seizes his right hand.) Yield to our prayers, ere it be too late.

Darlemont. (c., in a fretful tone.) Let me alone! Leave me!

(He rises, advances several paces, crosses to R.C., and falling in chair, R.C., covers his face with his hands.)

Abbe. (Aside to FRAUVAL.) He is moved. Now for the last attempt.

(Music, muted—He approaches the centre doors, opens them and beckons off.)

Enter THEODORE, c., from L. ABBE leads him in front of DARLEMONT, so that his first looks, when turning round, must fall on THEODORE.

Darlemont. (Aside, whilst trying to master his confusion.) These two men have a power, an acuteness, Courage, courage. *(He assumes an insolent demeanor, turns around, R., and sees THEODORE.)* Oh! mercy, mercy!

(Horror-stricken—He stands immovable—Pause.)

Abbe. (L.C.) Now, sir, do you yet doubt whether your nephew, Fulius, Count of Solar, be still alive?

(THEODORE trembles—ABBE goes to him.)

Darlemont. (Still in the greatest consternation.) What! he, my nephew?

(Laughs discordantly.)

Frauval, Jr. (L.) How! not yet convinced?

Darlemont. If he were Julius, why would he flee from me? Why would he not rush into my arms?

Abbe. Were he not Julius, why would such a fright seize him at beholding the author of his sufferings?

Darlemont. (Without looking at any one.) I neither recognize him, nor will I ever acknowledge him as my nephew. Never!

Abbe. (Approaching him.) You do not recognize him? Whence, then, this trembling?

Darlemont. Who? I—I tremble?

Frauval, Jr. Or why do you even now refuse to look at him?

(*Music*—**THEODORE** very rapidly making several signs. He places his bent fingers on each of his elbows, then on his clothes, and in a word tries to depict a child whose clothes are violently torn from his body, and who is then clad in rags.)

Abbe. My pupil himself tells me that he recognizes you; that you conducted him to Paris; that you stripped him of his good clothes, clothed him in rags—

Darlemont. (*Haughtily.*) Enough! enough! I am tired of your arrogance and importunity. Leave me—all—I command you, on my authority!

Frauval, Jr. (*With dignity and firmness.*) We do not recognise your authority. We are in the palace of Count Julius of Solar.

Darlemont. (*Beside himself with rage.*) Away, I say! Insult me not further, or dread my anger.

Enter ST. ALME, hastily, c. door.

St. Alme. Insult you, father? Who—where? What do I see! Frauval, my friend!

(*Music*—**THEODORE**, R.C., recognizes **ST. ALME**, embraces him with transports of joy, and caresses him.)

St. Alme. (c.) Who is the young man whose caresses—

Frauval, Jr. (L.C.) He is your cousin Julius, your father's ward.

St. Alme. (*Transported with joy.*) Can it be possible?

Darlemont. (R.) Deception, my son. (ABBE, L.)

St. Alme. No, no, father. Though time has altered his appearance, still my heart feels that—

Darlemont. He is an impostor! It is a snare laid to catch us!

St. Alme. A snare? That I can quickly decide. (*Music*—He uncovers **THEODORE**'s right arm, and points to a scar.) It is he!

Darlemont. What! My own son to rebel? It is not he!

St. Alme. Yes, father, it is he! Look there! the scar to which I owe my life. It is he, my cousin Julius, he, who saved my life.

(*Fondly embraces THEODORE*—*Music ends.*)

Darlemont. St. Alme, go to your room.

St. Alme. What! Tear my Julius from me, from my embrace?

Darlemont. Go, or tremble.

St. Alme. No, I will stay, even should your curse fall upon me this instant. He was my first friend, the playmate of my childhood. Anger cannot avail against nature's love.

(*He again presses THEODORE to his bosom.* **DARLEMONT** throws himself, full of shame and fury, on a seat, R., and turns his back to the company.)

Abbe. (*To DARLEMONT, after a pause.*) And this spectacle does not move him? He can remain untouched at the sight of our tears flowing? At beholding the sweet emotion of our hearts? Proud, corrupt man, I pity and forgive you!

Frauval, Jr. St. Alme, my friend, speak to him, beg of him, pray of him. Let him but render justice and repent in time!

St. Alme. (*Casting himself at DARLEMONT's feet, and holding him with both hands at his garments.*) By all that is dearest to you, my beloved father, I beseech you not to listen to ambition. Restore the ill-gotten property. (*DARLEMONT in anger seeks in vain to release himself from his son's grasp.*) Leave me in poverty; let me ever retain a spotless name, and then I can honor and cherish your memory! Father, listen to me! Fly not from my embrace, nor turn your face from me, from your son! Oh, my father! You dishonor yourself! You dishonor me!

Darlemont. (*Struggling to release himself from ST. ALME's grasp.*) No! I do not know him! Julius is dead! Whatever you may say, whatever proofs you may produce, I shall know how to maintain my right, and prove the authenticity of that death! Relieve me of your presence! Begone out of my house. (*Throws ST. ALME to ground.*)

Abbe. (*Takes hold of THEODORE.*) Come, unhappy orphan, tender shoot, already so long bent down by the storm! Come. If treachery and avarice drive you from your paternal roof, still an asylum will remain for you—the warm affection and peaceful home of your aged De L'Epee.

St. Alme. (*Rising with astonishment and reverence.*) De L'Epee! (*ABBE bids THEODORE follow, c., and leads him along, whilst they both yet cast a glance at DARLEMONT, who remains sitting R. immovable, and with downcast eyes.*)

Frauval, Jr. (*To DARLEMONT, whilst pressing ST. ALME's hand.*) If I have till now used that moderation which I thought due to the parent of my friend, let me now assure you, that I shall at once fulfil my duty to its utmost limits, and arm myself with that power which the law upholds and justice compels. You shall not escape, sir! There is a retribution for all, sir, and that retribution is working to your doom!

Disposition of Characters.

DARL. in
chair, R.

ST. ALME on
knees, R.C.

FRAUVAL, JR.
C.

THEO. pray-
ing, L.C.

ABBE blessing
him, L.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Centre Door Chamber.

FRAUVAL, JR. *discovered seated at a writing-desk, R.C. Near him sits THEODORE reading, R., moving now and then the fingers of his right hand, as deaf mutes generally do. DE L'EPEE paces up and down the room, C., wrapped in thought, and at times looking at what FRAUVAL, JR. is writing. FRAUVAL, SR., sits in the L.C. of the room.*

Frauval, Sr. You surely do not mean to spare this Darlemont any longer, my son?

Abbe. It is true, he is a great villain, but——

Frauval, Sr. He is a robber! whose punishment cannot be too soon hastened.

Frauval, Jr. True! But then his poor, innocent son. The young man possesses everybody's sympathy. (*Throws away the pen.*) The mere mention of his name breaks my heart, and involuntarily the pen falls from my hand.

Abbe. I heartily sympathize with you. But the obstinate and hard-hearted father will yield to nothing but force, and will obey only the thundering voice of the law.

Frauval, Jr. Yes; let the law thunder. (*Writes rapidly.*) When this accusation is once handed in, then nothing in this world can rescue him from disgrace. What will then become of his unhappy son, whose delicate sense of honor——

Enter ST. ALME, C. door; he comes gradually forward.

Frauval, Jr. (Writing.) Ah! he does not know that this hand, which he had so often pressed in his, is at this very moment writing down the accusation against his father. (*ST. ALME, down C., sighs loudly—FRAUVAL, JR., rises hastily.*) *St. Alme!*

(General silence for an instant.)

St. Alme. (Approaches FRAUVAL, JR., with dignity, who casts his eyes down.) I do not murmur. There are some circumstances in life when feeling must yield to duty.

Frauval, Jr. (To ST. ALME.) You must first judge of what passes in my heart! On the one hand, an honorable confidence, justice to the oppressed! On the other, the most tender affection and devotion! Whichever way I turn, each step but causes me increase of pain.

(DE L'EPEE comes down L. of ST. ALME.)

St. Alme. (Taking the hands of FRAUVAL, JR., and DE L'EPEE.) I feel the full force of these noble sentiments. But allow me also to fulfil the duty which nature has engraven on my heart! Let me undertake my father's defence!

Frauval, Jr. (Hastily.) Have you any hope of yet touching his heart?

St. Alme. (Shakes his head.) He would not listen to me. I have tried all that honor and filial affection inspired. He persists in asserting the death of his ward, concerning all the rest he observes a gloomy silence.

(THEODORE sees ST. ALME in a melancholy mood. He rises hastily, throws away his book, and presses him in his arms.)

Abbe. Theodore seems to have understood you, and is anxious to console you.

St. Alme. (Returning THEODORE's embrace.) I possess him again! After so long a separation! Ah! Why should so much bitterness be mixed with our reunion? But are you both so convinced that my father is really guilty?
(Tumult without L.)

Enter DUPRE, hurriedly, L.

Dupre. (Without his hat—speaks in a sort of frenzy.) In Heaven's name, speak! I just hear from Mr. Darlemont—can it be possible?
(Starts.) The young Count of Solar!

(THEODORE rushes towards DUPRE, and wishes to embrace him.)

Dupre. (Waves him back.) Ah! He believes in me! But, alas! he does not know that I am unworthy of his caresses; for I have myself aided in his ruin.

St. Alme. (L.C.) You, Dupre?

Omnes. You!

(THEODORE, C., instructed by the ABBE's signs, remains immovable for a moment, then gradually draws back, expressing sorrow and surprise.)

Dupre. He must, however, also know my remorse. He must allow me to die at his feet.

(He crosses to C. and falls at THEODORE's feet, who stands R.C.)

Frauval, Jr. (R.) Take courage and reveal all.

St. Alme. (L.C.) He alone accompanied my father when he led the young count to Paris.

Frauval, Jr. (To DUPRE.) How! eight years ago!

Dupre. Yes, eight long and bitter years. Mr. Darlemont told me to get some beggar's rags, in order to clothe little Julius, which order I obeyed on the evening of our arrival in Paris!

Abbe. (L.C., at table.) In which rags he was brought to me.

Dupre. As soon as this was done, his uncle took him out in a carriage. Some hours afterwards he returned alone! I expressed my astonishment. I pressed him to tell me what had become of the poor boy. He at last told me, in the strictest confidence, that he had just effected that which he had long meditated, namely, exposed the young count in the crowded city, and left him to his fate.

St. Alme. (L.C., with a choking voice.) My father! Was he capable of so great cruelty?

Dupre. In order to seize the child's property, he required a judicial proof of his death. Two witnesses were necessary—the one, bribed by gold, namely, our tavern-keeper——

St. Alme. (After a pause.) Finish!

Frauval, Jr. And the other witness?

Dupre. Myself.

St. Alme. Unhappy man!

(He sinks into a seat, L.C.—FRAUVAL, SR., assists him.)

Dupre. Since that day I find rest nowhere, Heaven is just! It has rescued the innocent, and being aware of the severity of the laws, which will inevitably condemn me, I am resigned to my doom, happy if I can only atone for my guilt, and repair in part the crime of which I was an accomplice.

St. Alme. (Rises suddenly, inspired with a thought.) Yes, yes; it must be repaired. (Seizes DUPRE.) Follow me miserable old man.

Frauval, Jr. (Retaining him.) *St. Alme*, whither are you going?

St. Alme. Where despair hurries me!

Abbe. But Theodore——

St. Alme. His sight augments my misery.

Frauval, Jr. What are going to do?

St. Alme. Either avenge him or die!

Abbe. (Also holding him back.) You are beside yourself with grief.

St. Alme. May be I am, but let me go! Come to my father, my father!

(He extricates himself from their grasp, and rushes out, dragging

DUPRE after him, through a door. ABBE quiets THEODORE, who appears anxious, by signs.)

Frauval, Sr. So, then, at last we shall see the entire dark soul of this Darlemont.

Frauval, Jr. To abuse the weakness of a helpless child; to deceive the confidence of a dying friend, and to tread under foot the rights of blood! I confess that the testimony of that old servant was necessary to gain credence for so much cruelty.

Frauval, Sr. And you, my son, would you still hesitate? For shame!

Frauval, Jr. No! it were criminal longer to hesitate. Sign the accusation.

(ABBE and THEODORE rapidly sign.)

Frauval, Sr. I hear some one rushing up stairs. (Looking off c.) It is M. *St. Alme*. Great Heaven! in what emotion!

Enter *ST. ALME*, c. door, rushing into the room bareheaded, and in the greatest confusion, followed by servants.

St. Alme. My friend! *Frauval*!

(He sinks into FRAUVAL, JR.'s arms, who leads him to a chair,

R.C. THEODORE shows deep interest and sympathy.)

Frauval, Jr. My friend, be composed.

St. Alme. (*With choking voice.*) My father——

Frauval, Jr. Explain!

St. Alme. My father——

Abbe. Proceed, my son.

St. Alme. Crushed by Dupre's confession, I ran to him. My father had locked himself in his room. I forced the door. Dupre followed; told him that he had confessed all, and that as he had been a participator in the crime, my father should partake of his punishment. This threat moved my father; I seized the opportunity; told him I would myself bear witness to the identity of Theodore, and then forsake him and my native land forever. This burst of despair and the approaching shame, had the desired effect. Nature triumphed; my father was moved; and, with a trembling hand, he wrote this confession.

(*He draws a paper from his bosom and hands it to FRAUVAL, JR.*

Frauval, Jr. (*Reads.*) "I recognize the pupil of the Abbe de L'Epee, as the Count Julius of Solar. and am prepared to reinstate him in his rights and titles. DARLEMONT."

(*Music*—**ABBE** takes the paper from **FRAUVAL, JR.**'s hand, and gives it to **THEODORE**. **THEODORE** reads, then casts himself into the **ABBE**'s arms, embraces **FRAUVAL, JR.**, approaches **ST. ALME**, observes him, forces him to shake hands, and then embraces him. **THEODORE** thanks Heaven and again the **ABBE DE L'EPEE**. The Servants stand in the background.

Abbe. (*Standing in the L.C. of the group.*) He is again in the place of his birth! He again bears the honorable name of his ancestors! I have nothing more to wish. My bones will rest in peace, for I have well finished my earthly course! Bless you, my boy, bless you!

(**THEODORE** kneels C.—*Music.*

Disposition of Characters.

FRAUVAL, JR. R. **ST. ALME.** R.C. **THEODORE.** C. **ABBE** L.C. **FRAUVAL, SR.** L.

CURTAIN.

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SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Van Cruger's vanity. The letter. A cool reception. Mrs. Bradley's cunning. The question. The threat.

ACT II.—A week later. Some hot words. The decoy letter. A game of cards. The biter bitten.

ACT III.—A day later. Phil's scheme. A specimen "tough." An untimely arrival. A shrewd adventuress. A brutal couple. The threat. A desperate game.

ACT IV.—An hour later. A "dive" in the Bowery. Billy the Bum. A hard crowd. The row. A lucky arrival. A struggle for life. Muggins learns a lesson.

ACT V.—The next morning. A smashed up dude. Nearing the end. Mabel's experience. Brought to bay. The last resort. Foiled.

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Two male, three female characters. A rich old gentleman, an old maid, a young girl and her brother, a colored servant girl. Time of playing, 1¼ hours. The old aunt talks in Mrs. Partington's style. 1 parlor scene.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The old aunt insists on her niece accepting old Timothy. Rick's little game and the darkey's strategy.

ACT II.—The scheme works. Timothy hears some things which astonish him. His escape. Aunt Tabitha catches him on the rebound, and he stays caught.

